

New Blood

Spent all day out walkin' in the rain
just-a slowly spiraling in
The man at the door tipped his hat and he said
"You won't be seeing me again"

and that's how it was
When Night came in to Sunset's End
He put up shop and lay down his head
And the dinner bell rang and all the patrons said
They said, "New blood, new blood"

Shiela had experience with scaffolds and heights
and she really didn't think she fit in
She said, "My favorite sport is celebrity splits"
Night said, "Go get 'em, kid"

There was a hiss from the kitchen
like the food got mad
but the steam just held in place
Then the rumor of a war
flapped its wings around the room
sounded like, "Everybody grab a plate!"

Johnny Fitz sits in the corner on his own
wondering what to color Hell
"Mama says red but I think it should be blue"
Night said, "Yeah, I think I feel that way, too"

The Fun-Sucker woke from his sleepwalking stall
It'd been such a long time
His eyes bulged out and his collar got tight
Night said, "Forget it man, it's all mine"

This house is home to all of us
These halls and doors and rooms
Night leaned on the bar and thought,
"Man, this place is like a tomb!"

Deja Vu

Mary swears that Johnny Fitz has got a tin-can telephone
Running from his head to outerspace
The things he says sometimes, it's like he lives another life
And she worries for the sadness in his face

On the day that he turned three, he stole a roadmap of Missouri
From a Crakerbarrel halfway 'cross the state
He put it in her bag and when she found it, she was mad
But she couldn't turn around or they'd be late

Sometimes in his dreams they got a new set of wings
Just waiting for him right inside the door
Johnny doesn't know why he'd refuse that offer
But he's certain that he did it once before
By the time you get to know what to call that feeling
well, it don't have no meaning anymore

Johnny knows he knows some things he's not supposed to know
And it scares him, he can see it scares his mom
But the urgent voice still haunts him
"There's a girl in St. Louis born around the same time you were born"

Mary looks at his coloring books-- sometimes they're traced so carefully
And sometimes he just scrawls outside the lines
Why is it so comforting when the reds and blues and yellow-greens
Wander 'round the page so child-like?

Well he's tired but he gets just a little bit stronger
Every night that he fights to make it go away
There's something in his room besides the humor of the moon
And the tricks of the devils in their shadow-play
There's a dull, crushing weight squatting down on his chest
like an old sinner's mistakes
that gets a little lighter everyday

An usher charges 'mission to the balcony
Around twilight time
In a holding pattern 'round the periph'ry
A broken eagle flies

Sometimes at night I think I hear a river run
But when I open my eyes
It's just the susurruses in the corridors
A dark parade of flies

This place is nuts
Like Kafka coughed it up
This place is hell on earth

The Old Wood Crane

It's been twenty years
since she buried her familiar
The two-tailed cat with the mismatched eyes
She lost her recipes
for the love-cakes and the smoking sleep
and probably couldn't make them if she tried

But still she sees that awful day
on the spot where they built this place
a century ago just a girl then
Her sister's game with her
They call "touch" and what you touch you turn
until you are tagged to turn back again

It was her turn first
with her hand on a birch
She laughed, "Hey look, I'm growing like a weed!"
Then she called "touch"
just as her sister jumped
and then disappeared into the breeze

His name is Jim
He's been a longtime friend
But they've never been much more than neighbors
At seven he checks in
The one they call the Clockwork Man
in deference to his strict behavior

"Hello, how are you doing?
Can I get you anything?
I can talk to the manager if you want"
They dwell on bygone days
and drink their tea 'til eight
He excuses himself and then he's gone

The Old Wood Crane
knows that she's been hanging on
to help the Clockwork Man feed his concern
But recent disturbances
have forced him to a distance
and she's relieved that his attention took a turn

In this place where she has waited
There was a debt, and she has paid it
And she knows the dark must answer to the dawn
"You can leave it in his care"
whispers something in the air
drifting through her window like a song

The Old Wood Crane
puts her arms outside the window
Her hair creeps down to the ground
her feet sink in
and her head splits wide
and her heart don't make a sound